THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, OCTOBER 20, 1831. No. 26.

Auto-Biographical.

Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo qualis eris?
Were you a lion, how would you behave?
ADDISON.

My age and circumstances of life, for reasons which the reader will learn in the progress of this piece, in a peculiar sense are the property of the world. Of the former, it becomes me to speak with extreme caution, as it has been a matter of question whether my origin was not really prior to the earliest indications of existence; and the learned among my associates and friends have always declined the responsibility of a positive assertion. The cause of this singular circumstance, as nearly as I am able to divine, was the difficulty of reconciling my unexampled precocity in every thing that respected intellectual attainment, with the few means and less time I was supposed to have enjoyed, and rather than incur the imputation of folly on the one hand, or rashness on the other, with great propriety they would hazard scarcely a conjecture. Under such circumstances it could be nothing but presumption in me to undertake an account of my embryo nature. Suffice it to say that my first sensations of life, according to my best remembrance, were received while lying on the printer's press, annoyed by the vacant stare of some College tyros, and the obstreperous loquacity of the Printer's Devil. But I soon perceived that my difference from others, and the cause of the notoriety I every where gained, consisted, chiefly, in the particular of my having more mind and less body than was usual, which, the reader will bear me witness, is a strange inversion for the present age. Accordingly, that light might be thrown on the mystery that hung around my origin and nature, I subjected myself for analysis to the scrutinizing optics of a grave metaphysician, who, turning his spectacles upon his forehead and assuming an air of wondrous thought, declared—"that, upon the most acute inspection of my cerebel conformation and its corresponding pathologies, he should decide, whether entity or quiddity, I possessed a remarkable configuration of parts." This was to the point! I knew the whole of it then. During the subsequent portion of my life, the functions of my office in correcting and reforming society have left little time to investigate my primordium; therefore, for the edification of the reader, I shall commence the thread of my history.

It should be remarked by way of protasis, as hinted above, that my prominent characteristics were seen in the remarkable developements of power that attended the very first of my intellectual efforts. And not less distinguished were they for original thought, than for the variety and extent of knowledge exhibited. Indeed, I spoke with fluency upon such an infinite diversity of subjects in my intercourse with the great and the learned, and showed myself so completely at home in every department of the wide domain of science, that "*de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis,*" was considered my fit and appropriate motto. But let me not be called egotistical. Though I know not the language of panegyric, yet never in my writings will I yield to that sickly sensibility that would sacrifice a reputation for historical verity to a modest reserve that would put prudery itself to the blush. Let the reader expect in this autographical fragment such an exhibition of fact as will stand in the strength and immobility of truth.

The first circumstance in my life worthy of notice was an encounter with a profound Mathematician. On the first interview I perceived he was strongly imbued with the spirit of the science, and in addition to the precision and measured exactness which characterized every movement and effort, he was liable to be somewhat captious when any thing thwarted his mind. He delighted to hurl his shafts at every thing like quackery, and would often run on in a strain of inimitable sarcasm against "empirics in science, or schemers in mechanics, who assay their ineptitude upon some preposterous extravagance of picture; or perhaps spend their days in loading shelves and glass-cases with curious lumber of whatever kind most completely unites the qualities of rarity and worthlessness." The first glance at his physiognomy told beyond a doubt of commotions in the inner man. As he fixed his eye upon me, the contour of his face exhibited certain inexpressible airs, immediately succeeded by a degree and kind of muscular gesticulation that bids defiance to the powers of description, and audibly muttering "*de omnibus rebus,*"—"'tis heterodoxy," said he, "for no man can excel in every pursuit. The Latin Poet hath declared—

"Quot capitum vivunt totidem studiorum
"Millia,"—

Evidently implying that such a position is illogical, disastrous and absurd." I perceived one

of two things to be necessary; either a breach between myself and the Mathematician, or a demonstration that the discrepancy between my mental and corporeal powers was decidedly the reverse of what he had supposed. The import of his remarks were obvious,—their effect upon himself only served to rouse more deeply his feelings, and already the storm was gathering on his brow. I seized upon the moment, and spreading myself to the best advantage, gave him a "Treatise on Optics" with which he was completely charmed and delighted. Having laid down the principia of the science, and touched rapidly upon some preliminary thoughts, I descanted upon the nature and importance of physiognomical optics, as wonderfully efficient in developing the characteristics of the soul. "Every color in the spectrum has its corresponding quality in the essential principle of the mind.—The baleful flames of passion from the red; the orange and yellow are the joint products of patriotism and jealousy; hope is depicted in the green; soaring ambition and tumid pride in the blue and indigo, while the gentle and lovely graces of modesty are sweetly shadowed forth in the retiring violet. These colors before subjected to the prism, are blended together in that Promethean ray, termed the soul." A brief illustration of this cardinal principle in the dioptrics of the face, with its practical utility in the business of life, immediately succeeded; when to my utter astonishment he sprang from his seat, charmed with a science when disrobed of the vestments of its exclusiveness which he had always viewed in the region of abstraction, and exclaimed with rapture—"*erudissime! erudissime!!*"

The interview of which I have spoken gave such a degree of cheerfulness and elasticity to my spirits, that I even write at the present time under its exhilarating influence. Indeed this was one of the marked peculiarties of my life, and diffused a generous feeling through the mind; yet I never wanted the ability to scorch and wither with a look the least approach of impertinence or rudeness. Accordingly, under all circumstances, whether of an ordinary or imposing nature, I was able to maintain a dignified firmness, which was of the greatest consequence on account of the diversity of minds with which I came in contact. The credulous, skeptical, cautious, daring, captious and stately, comprising all grades in age and refinement, from the beardless Freshman to the tumid Senior, afforded ample occasion for the exercise of all the patience and decision that is usually the lot of mortals. Yet with great equanimity I held the reins of government, and by a free use of the bastinado upon the few, managed the many at pleasure. Though the captious Sophomore was sure to have sad grounds of complaint;—for when discoursing in my usually elevated strain, being above his comprehension,—"it was unmeaning," "dark," "wanted perspicuity;" when I condescended to a level with his capacity, with great truth he complained that the "thoughts were simple and common-place."—There was scarcely a subject in the three kingdoms of nature that did not receive its share of my attention, but more especially those that bare a near affinity to the mind I spoke somewhat at length upon Memory, Meditation, Passion, the Demagogue, Eternity, Oblivion, Homer and the Mermaid, et cetera; all of which are left as examples for the pursuit of posterity *haud passibus æquis*.

My growing reputition as a man that could converse "*de omnibus rebus* ***" attracted the attention of a person who was addressed by the compound epithet, Metaphysico-craneologist. He professed great discernment in determining the indication of certain bumps, whether natural or produced by severe contusions of the *superhumeral calosity*, and a high reputation as an anatomist of the human heart. On his first approach he proposed an investigation of my abilities by cerebel inspection; and, applying his feelers to the parts of the pericranium, on account of a profound ignorance of the nature of my existence, was most sorely chagrined when he found himself feeling after *mind*, and concluded that I was a subject rather for metaphysical than phrenological investigation. After descanting in a vague and indefinite manner upon the nature and location of the soul, by an easy transition he passes to some of its states and affections, enquiring my opinion of that passion exhibited in "Love of Character." Aware that the only way of getting the argument was to pay him in his own commodity, and having invested himself with considerable dignity, I replied,—"The love of character may be regarded unsullied by the doubts of the skeptical or the cavils of the disbelieving; and if the lives of the laurelled heroes of the historian, or of the eminent personages to whom our own experience has rendered unqualified homage he deemed exceptionable, from this unlimited power of construction, a delusion so philosophical, is in its nature commensurate with reality."*** Hence "the precincts of reputation, as established by custom, are to man the bulwarks around the sources of his existence"!! He dropped his head in profound thought, and whether he has yet ascertained the meaning of the reply, I have never been able to determine.

I had just left the room of the Phrenologist, when a most curious interview with a Quaker

ensued, which I must relate for the extreme edification of the reader. He appeared to be in a terrible passion from some cause unknown to me at the time, uttering repeatedly such language as "whirlwind," "despair," "hell," with an obstreperous clamor that would deafen the senses of an adder itself. I endeavored to ascertain the cause of this wonderful commotion in the old man's feelings; but could see no connexion it had with any thing in his circumstances, fortune, family or life. "Tell me, Quaker, the occasion of this tremendous phlogiston, I fear you will rarify and go off in the vapors."

"If my pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of Heaven, I should form such a panorama of terrors that would frighten thee from thy senses, and perhaps pave the way for an untimely end."

"Hold still, then, Quaker. Let not such be the effects of thy quill,—they outstrip the tested fury of the storm. Supposing thine inkhorn were filled from the Stygian? would disaster be as certain? But, Quaker, the cause?"

"A few months elapsed and a lovely daughter was the gift of our affections! O, God, what joy! the like never could have existed, since the sun lent his earliest rays through the olive groves of Eden to gild the summit of Golconda!"

"Ye stars! On what planet hast thou lived to acquire such a profundity in knowledge? The age and the world must rejoice at the brilliancy of thy genius, and hail with delight its exhilarating beams. Thou hast made a great discovery, Quaker, thy sun rises in the west!" He vanished in smoke, and thus our dialogue ended.

As the reader will naturally suppose, on account of my extensive acquaintance in society, I did not always meet with that good sense and refinement, which is customary in the circles I generally moved, but occasionally had to encounter the most barbarous intrusions. I was never ostentatious of any affected qualities of greatness, neither inclined to retire behind my own supposed consequence or dignity; yet I do detest that troublesome impertinence which is ever encroaching upon the decencies of life. I was one day accosted by a snarling little fellow of about half as much consequence as the space he occupied, by the name of "Jim," complaining most bitterly of one of "twa pretty misses." He even went on to tell of "little squinting, light blue eyes, scarcely discernible in their rapid movements, set obliquely," &c. to my utter astonishment, until the principle from which it proceeded was known. The noble creature had been sorely smitten, and finding all his advances evaded or repelled, had undergone a wonderful change in the polarity of his affections, which is as anomalous in the laws of matter as of mind. I could only afford to him the usual nostrum, which contains astonishing efficacy, *eructans viscera cum gemitu.*

While thus enjoying the favor and confidence of all, I was by no means insensible to the pleasures of social life. Among the ladies I was always an object of the greatest admiration and love. The cause perhaps may not be easily defined, yet I apprehend it was not more owing to personal appearance, than the candid and ingenuous treatment they ever received. I could never away with that cowering sycophancy which receives with a grin every opinion or sentiment they may utter, regardless of its nature and tendency; and have endeavored, on all occasions, to maintain the immutable principles of truth and duty, and discharge the delicate office of one, who

Respicere ignoto discit pendentia tergor.

To this circumstance, of which I made the earliest use, their attachment should especially be attributed. Though it may thwart the feelings, it will secure the heart. Hence they would occasionally put on an aspect of coldness or even disrespect, when it was with the greatest effort they could conceal the most open demonstrations of love; yea, at the very time they were waiting with impatience my expected arrival, and in readiness to dismiss every thing, books, business and friends, for a social interview. And it can never be said the entertainment was either unpleasant or unprofitable. For if the undoubted verity of report is to be credited, after one of these periodical treats the whole substance of their conversation was little else than its antiphony until my return. I wish it to be distinctly understood from this my last communication to the world, that such ascendancy never was, nor ever will be obtained by the flattering, cringing, fawning manner in which our modern dandies play off their genuflections on the fair, as from extensive acquaintance I learn they regard it the most contemptible exhibition of weakness. It is a vice I have often lashed, and it needs it with a whip of scorpions.

Thus encompassed on every side with friendship and attachment, engaged in correcting and chastising the errors of the age, and not a little diverted by the affections of the fair, I seem to unite the rare qualities of a Reformer and a Knight with my other numerous attainments; and, considering the demands of the times for the efforts of the mighty, the velocity of my scientific pursuits, and the consequent unparalleled attainments made in one short year, I have accepted the offer of a parchment—taken a degree—*graduated.*

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

Oct. 20th, 1831.

Composition.

The act of bringing simple ideas into complication, opposed to analysis. NEWTON.

To attempt a detail of a subject in one short essay, the subdivisions of which have furnished matter for long and interesting treatises, would be as unexpected as preposterous. I propose, therefore, in the few remarks offered, to bring into view the chief obstacles to be surmounted by the individual desirous of attaining that most enviable art, of committing thoughts to writing with ease, elegance and accuracy; and, likewise, to point out the method of obviating those difficulties when discovered.

The obstructions every mind in the human family ever met in endeavoring to attain a degree of perfection in the art of Composition, may all be arranged under three distinct heads, which I propose, for the sake of perspicuity, to treat of separately.

The first obstacle which presents itself for consideration, is *actual deficiency of thought.*

This is the only difficulty in the way of him who would write in an easy, energetic style, which is really insurmountable. But the number who labor under this embarrassment is, beyond all comparison, smaller than is generally imagined. No individual who has not suffered the loss or injury of his mental energies, by some disorganization in his corporeal system, can, with justice, complain of deficiency of thought. The defect lies in another quarter. No soul exists, unless its faculties are suspended by actual derangement in the body it inhabits, which may not be brought, in process of time, to grasp the universe in its embrace with the same ease that it now contemplates the most minute of its constituent particles. And yet we often hear individuals lamenting their barrenness of ideas, whose minds, perhaps, in one single night, have furnished the crude materials of conception sufficient to have filled a folio volume. The truth is, the only individuals who can, with the least shadow of reason, allege a dearth of conception in palliation of a limping style of writing, are the only persons who never do it, viz. ideots.

The second preventive of acquiring this art, and by far the most extensive and powerful one, is mental listlessness.

By mental listlessness, I would imply that sluggishness of intellect which renders it an unwelcome task to confine our minds rigidly upon one train of thought, instead of suffering our intellects to remain perfectly passive and involuntary, borrowing their tone of excitement from external circumstances, and receiving the only thoughts which ruffle their surface from the objects with which they are brought in contact. My idea will be clearly apprehended by contrasting the fantastic and wild images of a dream, with the symmetrical figures and perfect paintings viewed in the writings of profound authors. In the unfinished representations of a dream, volition slumbers with our bodies, and impulse alone guides the ear of thought. But in the productions of well disciplined minds, the soul seems like a horse employed in propelling a boat, capable of but one kind of motion, which is the very one the case demands.

The reason, then, why so many men, and a vast majority of females, live and die without being able to arrange thoughts in interesting and perspicuous composition is, not that they *have* no thought, but that they are too indolent to perfect and define individual ideas which force themselves on the mind, and too slack and nerveless to follow out those trains of reflection which individual thoughts suggest.

In the last remark, I have involuntarily brought into view the two prominent effects of mental listlessness, unfinished individual conceptions, and broken and incoherent chains of thought.

Indistinct and half-formed ideas abound only in the weakest authors, and in the minds of all who never are able to write. But incoherency, or a wandering from the subject, is far more general. Byron, though he cannot be accused of mental listlessness in its first sense, can by no means escape the charge in the second. His thoughts seem to take material forms and almost adapt themselves to the sense of sight. But clear and perfect as were his individual conceptions when placed in connexion, they frequently appear without plan or point. Indeed, I have often thought some of his pieces might justly be likened to an assemblage of those leaves which Virgil's inspired prophetess had given to the winds—each leaf containing some beautiful apothegm or pithy sentiment, complete and striking by itself, yet useless and unmeaning in the whole. This defect, which is often kindly christened eccentricity, is nothing else than mental sluggishness. With a mind naturally strong and vigorous, he found it far easier to drift idly on the ocean of thought, than to be perpetually lugging at the rudder, and by this culpable remissness induced such a habit of thinking and of writing, as fully justified his own expression in his Don Juan—

"We don't know justly what we would be at."

Thus thinking, and writing, and reasoning at random, he succeeded in forestalling the devil of his prey, by making a hell of his own soul,

and, for lack of friends, transforming his own passions into tormentors.

As an instance of the opposite character, Johnson's Rasselas, in which the ideas are not only well defined, but the drift of the narrative, and the seemingly casual remarks of the persons introduced, tend directly to illustrate and enfore the leading sentiment, exhibits in the strongest possible light the difference between a laborious and listless mind.

As this obstacle to the acquisition of a good style of writing is extensive, so its remedy is obvious. Rigorous discipline of mind, either by untiring application to abstruse and difficult studies, assiduous watchfulness and unyielding perseverance in the regulation of our own thoughts, so as never to *leave* a thought till it has been viewed on all sides, will invariably enable any mind to contemplate with exactness whatever subject offers itself to its view; and he whose ideas are clear and connected, *can* write with precision and perspicuity; and, by practising, with ease and energy.

The third difficulty in acquiring an elegant style of writing, exists in the fact, that words are, at best, but poor representatives of things, and, by consequence, accurate discrimination is requisite in his selection of words, or the author hides his thoughts, however well defined in his own mind, in the expressions he uses to convey them.

If the view we have taken of this subject be correct, this is substantially the only difficulty to be surmounted, except those created by our own choice, and which deserve the name of faults, rather than obstacles in our way. But this, from the nature of the case, is an obstruction which, in order to make any progress in the art of composition, must be removed by unwearied diligence in obtaining a command of language, and such a knowledge of human nature, as will enable us ro determine, in some degree, the sensations, which, the words we use, coming in the connection in which we have placed them, will awaken in the minds of others.

The extent of this difficulty may be inferred from the numberless expedients to which men have resorted for its removal. It was not barrenness of language alone which produced the symbolical representation, and pantomimic arts of the ancients. The children of nature are emphatically children of passion, and require a langnage which addresses itself to their senses. The only atmosphere in which unenlightened men can be said to *live* is that of deep and ardent feeling. Such being the fact, it was not, as speculating theorists assure us, it was not because there *were* no words, but because words were bad representatives of things;—because they failed to excite the desired emotions of mind; that induced them to prefer the pencil to the pen, and violent gestures and even painful contortions of the body, to the yawning music of word-weaving. They could not but consider the arbitrary sound "fight" but a sorry equivalent for an exhibition of the downright "cut and thrust," and they accordingly chose to ape the latter in dumb show, rather than take lessons in mouthing the former; whenever the object was to present to an audience a scene of bloodshed. But how then? it will be asked, are we to overcome this difficulty? since words are the only symbols of ideas to be used in composition, and words, you have proved, and incapable of awakening in the mind, adequate sensations of things? I answer. 1st, Use no more words than your subject absolutely requires; and

2d. Since every species of writing conveys information by comparing one thing with others; let your comparisons, illustrations and allusions be taken from those objects, the names of which, make the same sensation in every mind. Thus when a company of men hear the words "circle, night, the sun, the moon, &c." Each sound would convey probably the same idea to every mind. But when the words "virtue, habit, conscience, or friendship" comes to the ear, they probably awaken the same sensations in no two minds.

In the third place; watch diligently the expression of others which cause your own souls to vibrate, and most frequently the same words will awake emotions, kindred, though not the same, in the breasts of others.

Finally. By a careful observation of the words which different individuals use when they aim to excite others; we may almost invariably ascertain what language will make an impression on their own minds.

Thus by assiduous attention to the emotions of our own bosoms, connected with careful observance of the passions of others; every man (ideots alone excepted) who is willing to subject his mental energies to a continued and salutary discipline, may make of a single quill, a lever, by far more mighty than that which the Philosopher required to move a WORLD! B**.

A THOUGHT.

The spray that reluctantly bends
'Neath its burdens of night-weeping dew
When the sun has arisen, ascends,
But retains not a gem for the view.

So the soul which has glitter'd so bright,
While weigh'd down with adversity's rain,
Oft loses its soft beaming light
When prosperity cheers it again. G.

Nine o'clock, Tuesday Evening, Oct. 18th.

Mr. Editors:—

I have this moment returned from a visit, to which, for the last week, I had been looking forward with fond impatience. The bubble has burst, and here I sit, with pen in hand, desperately ready to subscribe myself a convert to that philosophy, which places *all* our happiness in pleasant anticipations. For while my call was "being" made, I felt creeping on me, a somewhat, marvellously, similar to the probable sensation of a rope tight about the neck; and, at this precise instant, I have a dizzy consciousness, that the plank is yielding beneath my feet, leaving me to care about as much for this world, as the aspiring adventurer who is perambulating "thin air."

In this happy temper, I propose to begin an epistle, in the which my grievances shall be set forth, for the special behalf of your *numerous* readers.

This visit? do you ask? Now, my good Sir, in relation thereto, be it most solemnly avowed, in the premises, that I am not in love, but that love is in me; and, to come to the matter in hand, that it is choosing a most opportune season and pernicious method to make its escape.

"Hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala."

These trifles, of Horace, lead to serious mishaps. I fear that when the *real* emergency comes upon me, when age and circumstances render it expedient to loose the irrevocable 'may I hope,' or 'will you, dearest, consent?' or 'does that smile mean *yes?* or—or—(I must read more novels,) when all this shall happen, I do dread, lest this wearing and exhausting process to which Dan Cupid has hitherto been subjecting me, this dribbling, mincing, half-feigned, half-meant sentimentality will find me, at last, barren as a cynic, of all truly loving sympathy. Alack! for me if it must be thus. Others can "order these things better." But if a tolerable sample of "nature's porcelain," not appropriated, cross my path, and treat me with even common civility, I have no alternative but to swell and sigh like a barrelled tempest. Were I less sensitive to the charms of mind and person, or more sagacious in reading character and disposition, all would be well. For, in the one case, I could encounter, unmoved and immoveable, all the feminine witchery in Christendom, and tranquility spend my days free from twitches and blues; in the other, I would make a speedy election, "pop the question" and be as constant as a rusty vane,—if rejected, (absurd hypothesis!) why, then, I would poultice the wound, and try again.

Yet the visit? It was to a ravishing creature, all frankness, vivacity and wit; and her age amounts to the identical years of my ideal. The transporting flow of spirits and flashing talents cannot be fictitious. But her heart and temperament! what would I not give to know their secrets? I distrust them, but the wherefore, it is to me a profound mystery. For she has a thousand times assented to my pretty, moon-lit nothings; her unresisting hand has often bressed pred within my own; and, fire, roses and honey! She has even touched her dewy lips confidently to mine. Yet do I distrust. Perhaps you may find some clue to my suspicion, in the fact, that another *ille* was this evening present. She smiled on me 'tis true, and addressed me in tones of sweetest music, and when our glances met, she seemed a very Peri; but then I am sure she "looked unspeakable things" at *him*. I know I was not mistaken, because my eyes experienced, at once, a chemical change, and I was sensible that their balls had become none other than glaring globes of fire. Now why it is that such a change in my optics has made me morose as a kicked cur, I will not pretend to divine, but leave the phenomenon, in the laberatory, to be illustrated and explained by its "*beautiful*" experiments. Certain it is that all the azure impswhose existence has beenwell authenticated are now perched among my thoughts, and, compared with my inner man, an inverted beehive were calm personified. But I must to rest, hoping that your experience and benevolence may suggest some remedy for my troubles. At all events, I shall never visit *there* again unless—I change my mind.

Good night.

PHILANDER.

The Exile to his Mistress.

O, chide me not!—I am not weak—
Where duty points I'll go or die;
Nor wintry scorn with vulture's beak,
Nor a world's frown can blanch my cheek,
Or wring the milder tribute from mine eye.

I am not weak; and yet I feel
Emotions which I may not tell;
Throbs which might iron breasts unsteel,
And wildest, rudest hearts anneal,
Though temper'd 'mid eternal snows to dwell.

I am not weak—away! away!
That mild inquiring glance of thine
Will make my harden'd features say
The thoughts which, tell the final day,
Shall ne'er be felt by any breast but mine.

I go—the gusts of night shriek by—
Take back the pledge which proved thee kind,
In its dark face I'll laugh the sky,
And in the tempest thundering nigh
I'll still the pangs which prey upon my mind.

Never Despair.

ALRASCID pursued his solitary jonrney, with a heart rejoicing in recollections of the past, and beating high with hopes of the future. The happiness of the few years of his life, had been unchequered by disappointment or pain. The sun of one day had set, to rise on the next, with renewed splendor, and he had slept at evening to wake in the morning, to fresh enjoyments.—The instructions of the sages who were charged with his education, gave a zest to the gayer conversation of his youthful companions. With those he unlocked the treasuries of learning, and enriched himself with her accumulated stores; with these he indulged in gayety and mirth, and engaged in the invigorating exercises of the field.

The visions of the future, were no less bright than the realities of the past. He believed that all his associates were his friends, for he had known them only in prosperity; and unconscions of having injured any one, he supposed that he had no enemies. He therefore concluded, since all were ready to serve him, that his future plans could not fail to succeed. Pleasure he already enjoyed, and wealth and power were within his reach. The past he deemed, but a foretaste of the future.

In a mood to derive enjoyment from nature, he listened with delight to the warbling of the birds, and stopped to snuff the fragrance of every flower, and ta admire the grandeur and beauty of the varied scenery.

The hours of the happy are short, and the sun was ready to sink behind the mountains of the west, ere Alrascid was aware that mid-day was passed. He ceased to regard the objects which had lately engrossed his attention, and urging his horse to greater speed, he sought to obtain some friendly shelter, before night should close around him. In vain. The music of the groves was heard no longer; the howl of wild beasts resounded instead. In place of beautiful and varied scenery, darkness and danger surrounded him. His horse long since unable to discern the path of safety, at length, terrified and exhausted, sank beneath him.

Alrascid on foot, labored his toilsome way, uncertain whether the danger would be less, in advancing, or in attempting to retrace his steps. Behind, he heard the savages of the woods, yelling over the animal which had lately borne him; before, the roar of the distant lion, and the laugh of the hyena, seeming already to exult over his future prey. Every step, he feared, would plunge him into some horrid depth, and at every rustling of the bushes around him, he imagined that the tyger was crouching for his leap. The heavens were black with clouds, and the stillness which precede the tempest, made more distinct and appalling the dreadful sounds of the wilderness.

At length hope deserted him, and yielding to despair, Alrascid sat down to die. Just as he had uttered his last prayer to the Prophet, and resigned himself to his fate, a sun-like brightness dazzled his eyes, and filled him with amazement and wonder. He beheld before him, a being of infinite beauty and majesty. "Alrascid," said the vision, "I am thy guardian genius. I watched over the sports of thy childhood, and the exercises of thy youth, and have attended thee, as in all the actions of thy life, in every step of thy journey to-day. I caused thee to linger on the way, admiring the beauties of nature, over which I spread peculiar charms for thine eye; and filled thy mind with remembrance of past, and visions of future happiness; to show thee how short, to man, is the step from bliss to woe. I observed thee yielding to despair, when perseverance might have saved and could not have injured thee. Hadst thou advanced but a few steps farther, thou wouldst have discovered a light from the dwelling of a believer. Let this night's experience teach thee, 'never to despair.'"

Y***

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

In accordance with the original design, this number completes the Volume.

In relation to the appearance of our paper, we observe:—Many of its faults are chargeable upon the printer; more, perhaps, upon our inexperience. Those, however, who have read it for the purpose of discovering excellencies, have not been utterly disappointed, and those who have perused it to discover faults, would have found a spider's portion if every article in its columns had come from the pen of Addison. Without troubling our readers with complaints of our disappointments in relation to pledged assistance, we only say with Byron,

"——————what is writ is writ."

EDS.

Those indebted in the sum of their subscriptions will forward the amount to either of the

Financial Committee. { S. L. MATTHEWS, C. B. HARRINGTON, B. THOMPSON, L. C. BOYNTON.

MARRIED,

In this village, Mr. Stephen R. Burroughs, of Ohio, to Miss Charlotte Storrs of this place. In Benson, Mr. Philetus Smith to Miss Susan Arnold. In Sudbury, Rollin C. Horton, of Hubbardton, to Miss Sarah Hyde of Sudbury.

DIED,

In Castleton, Mr. Alfred Richmond.—Also, Mr. Luther Gott, son of Thomas Gott, aged 22. In Rockingham, James, son of Mr. Solomon Buss, aged 16.

THE FINAL CATASTROPHE.

SCENE—*The World.*——ACT—*The Last.*

TIME (at a stand.)

The goal is gain'd!—Yon spheres have sung their last!
And the wild peal of Nature's Anthem, hush'd,
With its loud stop-note, bends th' ethereal space,
Dies to an echo and is heard no more.
The vast material machine propell'd
By my puissant energy, whate'er
Created organ LIFE had taught to move,
Of man or animal in sea or air,
At the firm mandate of all-ruling heaven,
All now cease moving, breathing, and begin to BE!
The goal is gained! And my untranquil tide,
With its last ebb and undulating fall,
Hath lull'd the Universe asleep.

(Enter Death, running.)

Whither away? thou shark-born porcupine!
Shark in thy maw, and hedgehog by thy darts;
Hence to thy cavern'd shadow! nor pursue
Longer thy bootless hunt:—thy prey is done.
Go! sate thy appetite on hunger, which
Earth's butcher'd myriads have but taught to crave:
And in eternal pining lock those jaws,
Whose ever-dismal swing hath imaged well
The trap-door of a world. Hence, hence! I say.

DEATH.

How now, my Caterer? Put up thy scythe.
Or, since thou fail'st to furnish other food,
Thoul'lt try the temper of the jaws thou jeer'st,
And feel the venom of my barbed quills.
Must I, whose throat hath for the human race
Furnished a highway to eternal rest,
Must I be choked with epithets and gape
To swallow grinding titles, and from thee;
Thrice-meagre hound! that in thy ceaseless chase
Hath hunted generations to the tomb?
While like a wide-mouth'd chasm I have stood,
O'er which tall crags grow dizzy looking down;
And when like herds of timorous panting deer
Sore press'd by some fleet savage, mortal men
Race after race were driven headlong down
By thy resistless, chainless, viewless might;
My sombre bosom took them at their fall.
And cradled in the hiding-place of night:
Thus, balking thee, fierce hunter, of thy spoil,
My sober slumb'rous chambers have them hid,
Where toil and woe and weariness and want,
And the whole rabble of thy hateful sons
Shall never vex them more.

TIME.

And is it thus?
How ill art thou repaid! Alas! to gain
But blighting curses for thy kindly deeds,
And be cried devil for thy mild intents:—

Truce to thy glozing, Hungry Hypocrite!
Hast thou not mark'd how much thou wert the dread
Of living mortals, that when e're they aimed
To image aught of horrible or foul,
Of grim or ghastly beyond reach of thought,
Death was the name they gave it? Hast thou not,
Moreover, mark'd their blandishments on me?
I was the theme, the story of their bards,
Who, though they chid my never ceasing flight,
Much praised me for ever-varying scenes
With which I charmed their view. I touched the youth,
And all his features ripened into man.
The prating girl,—a bashful virgin smiled:
Taught them to love, and bade them utter, "BLEST:"
But look! A sigh, a shudder and a groan,
And thy kind, cruel, cursed bosom wombs the whole,
Ere the sweet word was utter'd!
In my round,
Nature turned dramatist, and, at my side,
Variety grinn'd oddly, and young Hope,
Robed in a mantle stolen from the skies,
Talk'd loud of my long tarrying. Thus to all
I was a welcome herald: e'en to those
Who sometimes murmur'd that I call'd so soon
To break their morning slumbers; far more oft
I've mark'd them sighing that I crept so slow.
And those who fretted that I strow'd their brow
With the sere emblems of life's wintry months,
And marr'd their beauty with tale-telling years;
Full oft rejoiced to scape youth stealing cares,
And blest me for the riddance of an hour.
While the poor wretch, for whom, at each return,
I brought what dregs from sorrow grief could wring,
Found solace in a change though fraught with woe.

I was man's favorite. When any met
Whose bosoms knew an interchange of soul,
They hailed my power which brought the blissful day;
And when they parted, oft with look aslant,
I bade them, mournful, hope to meet again.
True like poor insects on the ocean-tide
Perpetual heaving, families and friends
Felt the slight bark on which they floated, rent
Or sunder'd by a ripple, and anon,
Some from their number slept in the dark sea;
Thine was the fault. And it was also true,
That on all bright amd beautiful of earth
I ever wrote "DECAY," but still, beneath my hand
Cities sprung up where wretched hamlets stood,
And, at my bidding mighty empires rose
Where feeble clans or vagrant hordes had roved.

But what avail or palaces or domes,
Or cities, kingdom's, or a globe itself
Bristling with spires and teeming with mankind?
Look! How thy leaden pall o'erspreads the whole,
Converting earth to one wide putrid lake
Whose curdled bosom trembles to no breeze.
A vast and breathing silence shuts out sound,
And such a shudd'ring stillness chains the world
That when thy last accursed arrow sped
Its echo shook the stars and anger'd Heaven.
For see! Yon excellent essence wing'd with light,
Astonished gazes on the bleak abyss
Which thou hast rendered earth and sea and air.
Now learn to vaunt thou negative of Life,
Thou flame-extinguisher! Expect thy doom
In the deep sentence yon bright spirit brings,
Whose aspect flings a rainbow on black air,
Bids the scared sea its crystal walls make firm
And earth all stunn'd and trembling cease to move.

ANGEL.

By the SUPREME, *whom Heaven and Earth adore,*
I swear! TIME *was—but* TIME *shall be no more!*

DEATH, *(striking down Time with a dart.)*

The wide domain is mine. The railer ceas'd—
And the deep distant, hollow, sullen sky
Arches a tomb! For once, shine out ye stars;
Turn deathlights to the obsequies of him
Who train'd your infant chiming; And thou Sun!
Light yet again this sepulchre of earth,
That I may gloat upon the deeds I've done;
But most on man, whom I would fain have led
Up the bright avenue to celestial day,
And at its portals bid him kind farewell.
Here my commission ends. And here, alas,
My everlasting office must begin.
To practice those in lessons of despair,
Who chased the bubbles of deceitful time
Until he plunged them from his precipice
With naught of knowledge but to know no good,
And naught of feeling but a dread of me.
Their doom is fixed. That favored point is passed,
Where I had ope'd for them the gates of light,
And, since they would but learn to shrink in fear,
And blench at the recital of my name;
Death! Death! shall be their music and their moan,
And death! in echo teach despair to groan
Till the dread Voice which bade all things to be,
Shall speak an end to IMMORTALITY!

B.